

# **Ann Reed & Dan Chouinard Facebook Sing-Along**

7pm October 19 2020  
live from somewhere warm

Watch at: [Facebook.com/  
annreedmusic](https://www.facebook.com/annreedmusic)

**born OCT 1 1935 JULIE ANDREWS:  
DO RE MI 1965**

Let's start at the very beginning  
A very good place to start  
When you read you begin with A-B-C  
When you sing you begin with do-re-mi  
Do-re-mi, do-re-mi  
The first three notes just happen to be  
Do-re-mi, do-re-mi  
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti  
*(spoken) Let's see if I can make it easy*

Doe, a deer, a female deer  
Ray, a drop of golden sun  
Me, a name I call myself  
Far, a long, long way to run  
Sew, a needle pulling thread  
La, a note to follow Sew  
Tea, a drink with jam and bread  
That will bring us back to Do (oh-oh-oh)  
Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do  
So-do!

*(spoken) Now children, do-re-mi-fa-so and so on  
are only the tools we use to build a song  
Once you have these notes in your heads  
you can sing a million different tunes  
by mixing them up, like this:*

So Do La Fa Mi Do Re

So Do La Ti Do Re Do

*Good! But it doesn't mean anything*

*So we put in words*

*One word for every note, Like this:*

When you know the notes to sing

You can sing most anything

Doe, a deer, a female deer

Ray, a drop of golden sun

Me, a name I call myself

Far, a long, long way to run

Sew, a needle pulling thread

La, a note to follow Sew

Tea, a drink with jam and bread

That will bring us back to Do (oh-oh-oh)

Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do

So-do!

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## MY FAVORITE THINGS 1965

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens  
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens  
Brown paper packages tied up with strings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Cream colored ponies and crisp apple streudels  
Doorbells and sleigh bells and schnitzel with noodles  
Wild geese that fly with the moon on their wings  
These are a few of my favorite things

Girls in white dresses with blue satin sashes  
Snowflakes that stay on my nose and eyelashes  
Silver white winters that melt into springs  
These are a few of my favorite things

When the dog bites  
When the bee stings  
When I'm feeling sad  
I simply remember my favorite things  
And then I don't feel so bad

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**born OCT 3 1908 JOHNNY BURKE (lyr.)**  
**MISTY (m. ERROLL GARNER 1954)**

Look at me  
I'm as helpless as a kitten up a tree  
And I feel like I'm clinging to a cloud  
I can't understand  
I get misty holding your hand

Walk my way  
And a thousand violins begin to play  
Or it might be the sound of your hello  
That music I hear  
I get misty the moment you're near

You can say that you're leading me on  
But it's just what I want you to do  
Don't you notice how hopelessly I'm lost  
That's why I'm following you

On my own  
Would I wander through this wonderland alone  
Never knowing my right foot from my left  
My hat from my glove  
I get misty and too much in love  
I'm too misty and too much in love

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**born OCT 7 1911 VAUGHN MONROE:  
RIDERS IN THE SKY 1949**

An old cowboy went riding out one dark and windy day  
Upon a ridge he rested as he went along his way  
When all at once a mighty herd of red-eyed cows he saw  
A-plowing through the ragged sky  
And up the cloudy draw

Yippie yi ohhhhh, yippie yi yaaaaay  
Ghost riders in the sky

Their brands were still on fire and their hooves were made of steel.  
Their horns were black and shiny and their hot breath he could feel  
A bolt of fear went through him as they thundered through the sky  
For he saw the Riders coming hard  
And he heard their mournful cry  
CHORUS

Their faces gaunt, their eyes were blurred  
Their shirts all soaked with sweat  
He's riding hard to catch that herd, but he ain't caught 'em yet  
'Cause they've got to ride forever on that range up in the sky  
On horses snorting fire  
As they ride on hear their cry  
CHORUS

As the riders loped on by him, he heard one call his name:  
"If you want to save your soul from Hell a-riding on our range  
Then cowboy change your ways today, or with us you will ride  
Trying to catch the Devil's herd

Across these endless skies"

CHORUS

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**born OCT 9 1940 JOHN LENNON:  
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET**

You'll never know how much I really love you  
You'll never know how much I really care

Listen, do you want to know a secret?  
Do you promise not to tell?  
Whoa-oh-oh, closer  
Let me whisper in your ear  
Say the words you long to hear  
I'm in love with you, ooh

Listen (doo da do), do you want to know a secret? (doo da do)  
Do you promise not to tell? (doo da do)  
Whoa-oh-oh, closer (doo da do)  
Let me whisper in your ear (doo da do)  
Say the words you long to hear  
I'm in love with you, ooh

I've known a secret for a week or two  
Nobody knows, just we two

Listen (doo da do), do you want to know a secret? (doo da do)  
Do you promise not to tell? (doo da do)  
Whoa-oh-oh, closer (doo da do)  
Let me whisper in your ear (doo da do)  
Say the words you long to hear  
I'm in love with you, ooh, ooh, ooh  
Ooh...

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**TOP TEN THIS WEEK 1965**  
**YESTERDAY**

Yesterday

All my troubles seemed so far away  
Now it looks as though they're here to stay

Oh I believe in yesterday

Suddenly

I'm not half the man I used to be  
There's a shadow hanging over me  
Oh yesterday came suddenly

Why she had to go

I don't know, she wouldn't say

I said something wrong

Now I long for yesterday

Yesterday

Love was such an easy game to play

Now I need a place to hide away

Oh I believe in yesterday

Why she had to go

I don't know, she wouldn't say

I said something wrong

Now I long for yesterday

Yesterday

Love was such an easy game to play

Now I need a place to hide away

Oh I believe in yesterday

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**Top Ten this week 1970**  
**born OCT 15 1946 RICHARD CARPENTER:**  
**WE'VE ONLY JUST BEGUN**

We've only just begun to live  
White lace and promises  
A kiss for luck and we're on our way  
*(We've only begun)*

Before the rising sun, we fly  
So many roads to choose  
We'll start out walking and learn to run  
And yes, we've just begun

Sharing horizons that are new to us  
Watching the signs along the way  
Talkin' it over, just the two of us  
Workin' together day to day, together

And when the evening comes, we smile  
So much of life ahead  
We'll find a place where there's room to grow  
And yes, we've just begun

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**born OCT 13 1941 PAUL SIMON:  
AMERICA 1968**

Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together  
I've got some real estate here in my bag  
So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner's pies  
And walked off to look for America

Kathy, I said as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh  
Michigan seems like a dream to me now  
It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw  
I've gone to look for America

Laughing on the bus, playing games with the faces  
She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy  
I said, Be careful! His bowtie is really a camera

Toss me a cigarette  
I think there's one in my raincoat  
We smoked the last one an hour ago  
So I looked at the scenery  
She read her magazine  
And the moon rose over an open field

Kathy, I'm lost, I said, though I knew she was sleeping  
I'm empty and aching and I don't know why  
Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike  
They've all come to look for America  
All come to look for America  
All come to look for America

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**born OCT 13 1921 YVES MONTAND:  
FEUILLES MORTES / AUTUMN LEAVES**

The falling leaves drift by the window  
The autumn leaves of red and gold  
I see your lips, the summer kisses  
The sun-burned hands I used to hold

Since you went away the days grow long  
And soon I'll hear old winter's song  
But I miss you most of all my darling  
When autumn leaves start to fall

C'est une chanson, qui nous ressemble  
Toi tu m'aimais et je t'aimais  
Nous vivions tous les deux ensemble  
Toi que m'aimais, moi qui t'aimais

Mais la vie sépare ceux qui s'aiment  
Tout doucement sans faire de bruit  
Et la mer efface sur le sable  
les pas des amants désunis

Since you went away the days grow long  
And soon I'll hear old winter's song  
But I miss you most of all my darling  
When autumn leaves start to fall

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**born OCT 16 1925 ANGELA LANSBURY:  
BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1991)**

Tale as old as time, true as it can be  
Barely even friends, then somebody bends  
Unexpectedly

Just a little change, small to say the least  
Both a little scared, neither one prepared  
Beauty and the beast

Ever just the same, ever a surprise  
Ever as before, ever just as sure  
As the sun will rise

Tale as old as time, tune as old as song  
Bittersweet and strange, finding you can change  
Learning you were wrong

Certain as the sun, rising in the east  
Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme  
Beauty and the beast  
Tale as old as time, song as old as rhyme  
Beauty and the beast

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**born OCT 15 1881 P.G. WODEHOUSE:  
A FOGGY DAY 1937**

I was a stranger in the city  
Out of town were the people I knew  
I had that feeling of self-pity  
What to do? what to do? what to do?  
The outlook was decidedly blue  
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone  
It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known

A foggy day in London town  
It had me low, it had me down  
I viewed the morning with alarm  
The British Museum had lost its charm

How long, I wondered, could this thing last?  
But the age of miracles hadn't passed  
For suddenly I saw you there  
And through foggy London town  
The sun was shining everywhere

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**OCT 21 1915 First transatlantic phone call:  
HELLO MA BABY 1899 (and 1955)**

Hello! ma Baby Hello! ma honey  
Hello! ma ragtime gal  
Send me a kiss by wire  
Baby, my heart's on fire!  
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me  
Then you'll be left alone  
Oh baby, telephone  
And tell me I'm your own

I've got a little baby, but she's out of sight  
I talk to her across the telephone  
I've never seen ma honey, but she's mine, all right  
So take my tip, and leave this gal alone!  
Ev'ry single morning, you will hear me yell  
"Hey Central! fix me up along the line"  
He connects me with ma honey then I ring the bell  
And this is what I say to baby mine:

Hello! ma Baby Hello! ma honey  
Hello! ma ragtime gal  
Send me a kiss by wire  
Baby, my heart's on fire!  
If you refuse me, honey, you'll lose me  
Then you'll be left alone  
Oh baby, telephone  
And tell me I'm your own

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**OCT 26 1881 Shootout at the OK Corral:  
MAMMAS DON'T LET YOUR BABIES  
GROW UP TO BE COWBOYS**

Cowboys ain't easy to love and they're harder to hold  
They'd rather give you a song than diamonds or gold  
Lonestar belt buckles and old faded Levi's  
And each night begins a new day  
If you don't understand him, an' he don't die young  
He'll prob'ly just ride away

Mamas, don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
Don't let 'em pick guitars or drive them old trucks  
Let 'em be doctors and lawyers and such  
Mamas don't let your babies grow up to be cowboys  
'Cause they'll never stay home and they're always alone  
Even with someone they love

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**d. September 29 2020:**  
**MAC DAVIS and HELEN REDDY:**  
**I BELIEVE IN MUSIC 1970 and 1971**

I could just sit around making music all day long  
As long as I'm making my music ain't gonna do nobody wrong  
And who knows maybe someday I'll come up with a song  
Makes people want to stop all their fussing and fighting  
Just long enough to sing along

I believe in music, I believe in love  
I believe in music, I believe in love

Music is love, love is music if you know what I mean  
People who believe in music are the happiest people I've ever seen  
So clap your hands and stomp your feet and shake your tambourines  
Lift your voices to the sky, and tell me what you see

I believe in music, I believe in love  
I believe in music, I believe in love

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**born OCT 31 1937 TOM PAXTON:  
MARVELOUS TOY**

When I was just a wee little lad, full of health and joy  
My father homeward came one night and gave to me a toy  
A wonder to behold it was with many colors bright  
And the moment I laid eyes on it, it became my heart's delight

It went "Zip" when it moved and "Bop" when it stopped  
And "Whirrr" when it stood still  
I never knew just what it was, and I guess I never will

The first time that I picked it up, I had a big surprise  
'Cause right on the bottom were two big buttons  
That looked like big green eyes  
I first pushed one and then the other, then I twisted its lid  
And when I set it down again, here is what it did

**CHORUS**

It first marched left and then marched right, then marched under a chair  
And when I looked where it had gone, it wasn't even there  
I started to cry, but my daddy laughed 'cause he knew that I would find  
When I turned around my marvelous toy would be chugging from behind

**CHORUS**

The years have gone by too quickly it seems, I have my own little boy  
And yesterday I gave to him my marvelous little toy  
His eyes nearly popped right out of his head  
and he gave a squeal of glee  
Neither one of us knows just what it is, but he loves it just like me  
It still goes

"Zip" when it moves and "Bop" when it stops  
And "Whirrr" when it stands still  
I never knew just what it was, and I guess I never will

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**OCT 28 1886 Statue of Liberty dedicated:  
GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR 1949**

Give me your tired, your poor  
Your huddled masses  
Yearning to breathe free  
The wretched refuse  
Of your teeming shore  
Send these, the homeless  
Tempest-toss'd to me  
I lift my lamp  
Beside the golden door!

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**born OCT 31 1912 DALE EVANS:  
HAPPY TRAILS**

Some trails are happy ones  
Others are blue  
It's the way you ride the trail that counts  
Here's a happy one for you

Happy trails to you, until we meet again  
Happy trails to you, keep smilin' until then  
Who cares about the clouds when we're together?  
Just sing a song and bring the sunny weather  
Happy trails to you, 'till we meet again

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